



THE  
MOTHER'S NOSEGAY

BY  
MRS. CAMERON

LONDON  
HOULSTON AND WRIGHT  
65, PATERNOSTER ROW.



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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

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“ So now she took her seat at the upper end of the arbour, and the arbour was exceedingly pleasant: for, besides the flowers that hung over it, and the mignonette that grew round it, it was hung with garlands and festoons of flowers.” *See page 36.*

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MOTHER'S NOSEGAY

BY MRS. CAMERON,

AUTHOR OF "EMMA AND HER NURSE," "MARGARET  
WHYTE," "THE TWO LAMBS," ETC.

NEW EDITION.

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FOUR little children were one day with their papa in his pleasant garden : two were assisting him in tying up various creepers, which were to twine over a newly-formed arbour ; the third was employed in fetching water in a little water-pot ; and the fourth was seated upon the grass, quietly watching

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the rest of the party. "Pray, papa," said Caroline, as she stopped to rest herself after bringing a full water-pot, "pray, where is to be the door of the new arbour?"

"I am surprised that you should ask such a question, Caroline," said her eldest sister, whose name was Jane: "do not you see that there is an opening already made; and besides, where else could the arbour possibly open, but upon that beautiful, delicate, soft grass-plot, surrounded with rose bushes, and sheltered so delightfully by the shrubbery behind?"

Jane's father looked up in her face as she finished this long speech, and smiled. Caroline, however, did not wait to hear the conclusion of it; but turning to Barbara, she said, "Barbara, how very slow you are! you have only tied one little bit of matting round the creeper all the time I have been standing here."

"O, Caroline, Caroline," called out

little George, "please to move; you are standing upon my strawberry, my large strawberry!"

"I thought you had eaten your strawberries a long while ago," said Caroline.

"All but this large one," answered George: "I kept it to eat in the garden."

"Then you deserve to lose it for being so greedy," said Caroline, sharply.

The children's papa listened to this dialogue, but made no remarks. Barbara came and wiped George's tears, and gave him a flower out of her bosom; and all returned to their employment, till, being rather tired with their work, the father took George by the hand, and led his other children to a seat in the shrubbery, where they sat down. "Pray, papa," said Caroline, "what is going to be done with that little bit of waste ground at the back of the new arbour, where the potatoes used to grow?"

“John is digging it so nicely,” said Barbara, “and he has planted such beautiful flowers in it, and sown so many seeds!”

“Yes,” added Caroline, “and he has made three little hedges of box in it, and there is box all round it too.”

Jane looked as if she suspected something, but said nothing.

“How long will it be till mamma’s birth-day?” asked papa; “let us see.”

“Two months,” said Jane, “two months to-day: for to-day is the fourteenth of June, and mamma’s birth-day, you know, is on the fourteenth of August.”

“And the new arbour will be finished by that day,” said Barbara.

“Mamma’s new arbour: and we are to drink tea in it, papa, are we not?” said Caroline.

“Yes, if we are all good children,” answered papa, “and mamma chooses to invite us.”

“Us?” said Caroline, laughing;

“papa says *us*, just as if *he* was a little child: droll papa!”

The children all laughed; and the three youngest jumped about for joy.

“And now, papa,” said Jane, “will not you tell us about that little plot of ground?”

“I am going to give that bit of ground away,” answered papa, “to four people: it is divided into four parts, you see.”

“O! it is for us!” said Caroline; “I know it is.”

“Is it for us, papa?” asked little George, leaning on his father’s knee, and looking up in his face.

“I will tell you what sort of people it is for,” replied papa: “and then, if you think you know their names by their characters, you may tell them to me. The first person I shall give a little garden to, must not be conceited, nor think herself cleverer than every body else. The second must be very industrious, and not spend one hour in doing

the work of half an hour. The third person must be very gentle, and never be unkind to her brothers and sisters. The fourth person must not be greedy, and think about eating nice things. If I can find four such people as these on mamma's birth-day, I shall give them the four little gardens: and I shall take care, in the mean time, that John shall fill them quite full of beautiful flowers."

There was a long silence after this speech. "But, dear papa," said Jane, at last, "can we get over all these naughty things quite by mamma's birth-day? It will take a great while."

"No," said papa, "that is more than I expect: but I do require, that I should see in you all a willingness to get over your respective faults, a readiness to listen when told of them, with no *indulgence* of them when pointed out."

"Am I greedy, papa?" said little George.

“ Little George knows,” answered papa.

“ And I know who is idle,” said Caroline.

Papa lifted up his finger. “ And I know who is rude. It is quite enough for you,” he added, seriously, “ to watch over Caroline’s faults: you must let Barbara’s alone, or there will be no garden for you.”

“ Barbara will try to be industrious, and I will try to be humble,” said Jane; “ and then, dear papa, what a delightful birth-day we shall have!”

Soon after Jane had said this, and all the children had thanked their papa for his kindness to them, their mamma came into the garden: so their papa got up to walk with her, and left all the children still sitting together. They remained for some little time quite silent. At last, Jane, suddenly clapping her hands, cried out, “ O, sisters, I have thought of something so very nice!”



“What is it?” said Caroline, jumping up.

“If we should be good,—I mean, if we should try to do what papa tells us, and the gardens should be given us,—we will each of us gather the prettiest flower out of our gardens, and make them into a nosegay, and give them dear mamma to wear on her birth-day.”

“O! how delightful!” said Barbara: “and dear mamma will be so pleased!”

“You know,” said Jane, “good pa-

pas and mammas, like ours, are never so well pleased as when their children are good, and the flowers we have earned will be pleasanter to mamma than the finest flowers in a hothouse."

"And I will get a rose out of my garden," said Caroline.

"And so will I," said George.

"O, but we should not have the same flower," replied Caroline: "you had better have a lily of the valley."

"Lilies of the valley are out of blossom," said Barbara.

"Come," interrupted Jane, "you are going on too fast: let us earn the flowers first, and then we will make the nosegay. But do you approve of my plan, sisters?"

"O yes! O yes!" cried all the children together.

After this, more discourse passed, which I do not mean to repeat. They then decided upon mentioning their plan to their papa at the first convenient opportunity. He greatly approved

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of the plan, and promised not to mention it to their mamma, that the nosegay might be a surprise to her.

After this, things went on pretty well for some time, and nothing particular happened, except that George was unwell for a few days, and he was sent from home with the nurse, to try the effect of change of air. He returned home quite well, but not in such good order as he usually was.

I do not mean to say that any of the children refrained entirely from those faults against which their papa had particularly cautioned them; but they seemed very desirous to lay them aside, and in general most of them appeared to be very attentive when any instance of misconduct was pointed out to them, either by their papa and mamma, or by one another: so that their papa entertained good hopes that he should be able to bestow the gardens upon them all. However, as my young readers may like to judge for them-

selves whether papa's hopes were well founded, I shall describe a little scene which took place soon after George's return home.

One morning, when lessons were over, the children had all resorted to a favourite square grass-plot, where was a seat under an old sycamore tree. This grass-plot lay between the flower-garden and the kitchen-garden. On one side was a border containing various choice flowers, all gay and blooming, purple, green, and yellow; and on the other side was a row of fine gooseberry trees, laden with beautiful fruit, now turning colour. At the bottom of the grass-plot was a gravel walk, which John the gardener was at that time raking. The little girls sat down, with their dolls, on the seat, and little George stretched himself on the grass, and all was very quiet for some time; till Caroline, being tired of sitting still, got up and began to jump about, from time to time setting her foot carelessly on the

flower-border. John reproved her civilly, and begged she would please to move a little further from the flowers. But, finding himself disregarded, he began to get angry, and, laying down his rake, he said to her, "I wish you would take pattern by little Master: you see how quiet he lies, sucking his two fingers there; he gets into no mischief."

"Really, John," answered Jane, "I do not know that he is to be so much envied. I think his disposition may lead him into sin as well as Caroline's."

"It won't lead him into breaking the flowers, that's what I know," said John; "and that's my concern."

"But breaking flowers is not the only sin a person can commit. Indeed, John, I am a good deal of my aunt's opinion."

"And what may that be, Miss?"

The little girl laid down her doll, and, looking very earnestly at the gardener, she began her speech—"My

aunt says, John, that as much evil may come from one natural propensity as another, if not directed by right principles."

"You are giving John very good instruction," said a voice proceeding from an adjoining gravel walk; and Jane, lifting up her eyes, saw her papa, and coloured. He smiled, and walked on; and Jane recollected that she was not speaking with becoming humility to a person at least four times her own age. So she stopped, and said, "But, perhaps, John, you could tell me all this much better than I could tell it you. Come, now, Caroline, come away from the flower-border; you are only in mischief, you see."

Caroline did not hear, or choose to hear, and kept turning round, like a tee-totum, till her head became giddy, and she fell into the middle of a bush of *fraxinella*.

"Did I not say, Miss, what would happen, when you would not listen at



the first?" said the gardener, laying down his rake, and running up to the spot, where he soon raised the little girl on her feet.

She was very light, and had not done so much mischief as John had feared. Her face had coloured up like a crimson rose. "I am very sorry, John," she said, "I am very sorry, that I did not stop playing at first, when you told me, and answered you so rudely."

"Well, Miss, I will look it over, if you will please to walk off now; all of you, if you please, except it be Master George and Miss Barbara."

“Yes,” said Caroline, with a very roguish laugh, “Barbara may stay and help you to catch the flies in her mouth:” for little Barbara, who had been some time very quietly employed in dressing her doll, had laid it down, and sat, with her mouth open, looking at Caroline as she fell into the *fraxinella*, and as John pulled her out.

“O, Caroline, Caroline!” said Jane, “now you are but just out of one scrape, and you are getting into another! Have not you often been forbidden to laugh at Barbara, whoever else may have a right to do it? And it may well make her open her mouth to see you tumble about like a puppet in a show.”

“Well, I am sorry,” said Caroline, putting her arms round her gentle sister, and kissing her. “And now, Jane, let us go to the hay-field.”

So the three little girls, with their dolls in their arms, were setting out towards the hay-field, when Jane, turn-

ing round to ask George to go with them, perceived, that, in a line with his eyes, as he lay on the grass, there was a gooseberry tree laden with gooseberries of an unusual size ; and certain ideas, which I shall not now mention, passed through Jane's mind. So she repeated her invitation, and said, " You will come with us, George ? "

" No, I had rather not," replied George.

" Please, Miss, to let the little master stay," said John : " I will take care that he gets into no mischief."

" Well then, if you stay," said Jane, turning the child round, " you shall entertain yourself with looking at those flowers. There are carnations there fit for the queen to look at."

As Jane moved the little boy, he uttered a low, grumbling, fretful sound, and tried to disengage himself from her ; and when he believed her to be out of sight, he returned to his place.

The time of trial at length passed

away; and the children's papa, judging from the observations he had made, that all his young ones had really tried to get the better of their faults, determined upon giving them the gardens: and therefore, the evening before their mamma's birth-day, he called them to him, and, leading them into the garden, he told them, that the next morning they might take possession of their gardens, and he pointed out which was to belong to each of them.

The little girls looked very much pleased; and Caroline said, "Indeed, papa, I did not expect that we should have had them."

"And why not?" asked papa.

"Because," answered Jane, "I do not think that we have quite deserved them."

"Indeed," said papa, "if I had acted justly by you, you would not have received these gardens, because you have done many things contrary to the law I laid down. And on every

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occasion in life you will have reason to acknowledge the same thing in the blessings you receive from one greater than me. For what good thing do we deserve? are we not all unprofitable servants? I would have you draw instruction from every event as it passes; so remember the lesson which these gardens teach you. And now, my children, it is time to go in.—‘To bed with the lamb, and up with the lark.’”

And up with the lark the children rose the next morning; and, as it was to be a holiday, and no lessons to be learned, as soon as they had each read in their Bible, they all repaired into the garden, jumping and skipping, all, except little George. The little girls had almost reached their gardens before George was half down the gravel walk. “Georgy, make haste,” cried Caroline; “Georgy, make haste.”

“Why so sad and solemn, my little man?” said Jane, running up to him, and taking him by the hand. “Come,

and take possession of your garden."

"We can do nothing without you, little Georgy," said Barbara, jumping round him as she came to meet him.

They had now all reached the gardens, and much was said in praise of their beauty. All were pleased, and all talked long and fast except little George.

"And now for mamma's nosegay," said Jane. "We must not, you know, make the nosegay too large, or else mamma will not wear it: we must each choose but one flower out of our gardens. O! I have such a sweet jessamine tree in my garden! I will gather a sprig. We will not carry the flowers in our hands, but put them in your basket, Barbara; and I will lend you my scissors."

"And what shall *I* get?" said Barbara. "Give me your opinion, Jane."

"O, gather that damask rose," said Caroline.

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“No,” answered Jane, “there is a beautiful moss-rose in bud in George’s garden, and George, I dare say, will give it mamma; and there should not be two roses you know. I recommend some of your beautiful mignonette.”

“And my carnation,” cried Caroline. “O my beautiful striped pink-and-white carnation! Make haste, Jane, to give me the scissars. And now for George’s rose.”

“But George will gather it himself,” said Jane.

“I don’t want to gather it,” answered George, in a low voice.



“Don’t you want mamma to have it?”

“I don’t care,” said George; “but I don’t want to get it.”

“Shall I get it then?” asked Jane, looking hard at him.

George did not say no; so she gathered the rose.

And now Jane returned into the house, to tie up the nosegay, and write a little note to her mamma, and her sisters followed her; but whether George came with them or not they were too busy to observe. At last, the nosegay was tied up, and the note written: and in the note were these words—

“Pretty flowers, tell mamma  
What your history, what your lot;  
A garden gain’d from dear papa  
Was your pleasant native spot.

“Lessons, taught by dear papa,  
Poorly learn’d, and oft forgot,  
Gain’d this nosegay for mamma—  
Then smile on us, and scorn it not.

“JANE, BARBARA, CAROLINE, GEORGE.”

Before mamma came down, the

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nosegay and little note were laid on the breakfast-table, opposite mamma's chair; and mamma was not a little pleased; and, when the children came-in to breakfast, she smiled, and kissed and thanked them. And when breakfast was over, and the children were dismissed to play, (for it was a holiday,) the nosegay was put into water upon the hall table, that it might be kept fresh till the afternoon, when mamma intended to wear it; for every body was to drink tea that evening in the new arbour.

The morning passed away. There was an early dinner; and about five o'clock, papa, who had been some time in the garden, came into the house to call mamma, and, as she passed through the hall from the parlour, she stopped to put on her nosegay—when, to her great surprise, she found that the moss-rose had been pulled out of the nosegay, and no more was left of it than a little thorny stalk, which ran

into her finger as she looked for the bud among the other flowers. "My rose, my moss-rose is gone!" said she, in haste: "what is become of it?"

Papa was surprised, and they both went in haste to the arbour, where the three little girls were preparing every thing for their mamma. "Have you seen your mamma's moss-rose?" said papa.

The little girls knew nothing about it. They were all surprised, and looked round for George, to enquire of him. But George was not there: George and the moss-rose were both missing.

And now the little girls were all in motion: Barbara ran into the house, to enquire of the servants if they had seen the rose, and to look for George; and Jane and Caroline ran all about the garden in search of George. At length they all met again, but brought no tidings either of George or the rose.

"This is very extraordinary," said papa. Mamma looked uneasy; Bar-

bara guessed one thing, Caroline another; Jane was silent, and seemed very thoughtful. There were thoughts and remembrances in her mind that she was doubtful whether to utter. When a few more minutes had passed, she asked leave to go in search of George again, and to be allowed to go by herself. So leave was given her, and the rest of the party sat down till her return.

The path which Jane chose to take was a shady grass walk between filbert trees, into which the grass-plot in front of the arbour opened, through an arch of honeysuckles. Quite at the end of this walk was a little wicket gate, opening into a wild grassy place, scattered over with thickets of alders, nut trees, and rose bushes; and through this wild place was the pathway to a neighbouring copse. The children seldom went through this gate, though they were not forbidden to do so.—When Jane reached the little wicket,

she stood still for some time, considering what she should do, and she fancied she heard a rustling noise among the alder trees, and she opened the gate, and went out among the thickets. Some of them were so near together, that there was scarcely any path between them, but the children knew how to make their way among them. Jane advanced a good way before she heard the rustling again ; but she did hear it, and, with it, a little moan and complaining noise : and, standing still to listen, and carefully looking round, she caught a glimpse of something blue among the trees. She stepped gently forwards : a little head was seen resting on the crooked root of a tree, a fur cap had fallen off, and the flaxen hair was shaken by the wind. Jane advanced still further : a little boy was stretched upon the grass among the trees, and his cheeks were wet with tears. “ O, Georgy, Georgy, is it you ? ” said Jane : “ we have been looking for you



every where. Why did you run away? What is the matter with you?"

When the little boy saw Jane, he made no answer, but only sobbed aloud; and, for some time, the more she urged him to speak, the more he cried, and the more he drew himself away.

At last, sitting down by his side, she took his little hand, and drew him to her. "Georgy," she said, "do not hide any thing from me; I can almost guess what is the matter: you have

done something naughty, I know you have. Tell me all about it, and I will go and ask papa and mamma to forgive you."

- "Oh, those gooseberries! those gooseberries!" said little George.

"What about them?" asked Jane. He cried, but made no answer.

"Have you taken gooseberries when you ought not?" said Jane.

Here the little boy, throwing down his head suddenly on Jane's lap, and hiding his face with her frock, cried out, "It was that day, Jane, that day when Caroline fell into the fraxinella, that I did it."

"What," said Jane, "you gathered one of those gooseberries that I wanted you not to look at?"

"Yes, more than one; as many as I could hold in my hand, when John was gone to throw away the weeds—that was the first day."

"And have you taken any since?"

"Yes, a great many times."

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“And it was that,” said Jane, “that made you not like to take the garden, because you knew you had not been even trying to obey papa? It is a very sad thing, Georgy.”

“And I could not bear mamma to wear my rose, for I had no right to give it her; and so I pulled it out, and threw it away.”

“And made her finger be pricked with a thorn. And why, Georgy, did you come here?”

“Because I did not know what to do; and I was afraid the rose would be asked about.”

“Have you told me all?” said Jane.

“Yes, all,” answered the little boy.

“Now you see, Georgy, what is the root of all this: if you had not looked at the gooseberries as you did, you would not have stolen them. If I had not been so conceited, and talked so to John, to shew myself off, but had tried more to persuade you to come away from the gooseberry trees, I might have

prevented this mischief: but when we shew off, then we leave something more useful undone." (This Jane might have said to herself, for the little boy could not understand it.) "And now, Georgy," she continued, "I will just remind you of what mamma said to you a great while ago, the day that lady called you a very nice, gentle, little fellow."

"What was it?" said Georgy, holding up his head, for his heart was now more at ease: "I do not quite remember it."

"Mamma called you to her, and set you on her lap, and she said, 'Georgy, you must not think yourself good, because that lady called you gentle.—Gentle, quiet people have many temptations which little children like Caroline may perhaps not feel so much. Quiet people do not want to rule, and govern, and fight; but they often want to enjoy themselves, and they are often very earthly minded in their own way, though people may not know it. So,

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Georgy, when you are resting yourself on the grass on a fine summer day, do not be looking at the strawberries on the ground, or the cherries on the tree, and thinking that you should like to eat them: but watch the painted butterflies, and look at the flowers; listen to the buzzing of the flies, and the blackbird in his tree; and think that all these are the work of God—that good God who made you, and gives you all the good things you enjoy.”

“O, I have not quite forgot all that,” said George; “but I did forget it when I looked so at the gooseberries.”

“And mamma said, that you should sometimes look at the blue sky, and think of the golden city above, and of that time when you shall fly about the sky, and be made as beautiful as an angel. Mamma said, that quiet people should try very much indeed to be heavenly minded, and then in their pleasant solitary hours they would gain holy wisdom, and feel heavenly peace;

they would lead the lives of larks and nightingales, who sing praises to God among green trees, when the sun and the moon are rising."

Here Jane stopped, and Georgy looked up in her face as if still listening. Jane wiped the tears from his cheeks, and then she said to him, "Georgy, shall I go and tell papa and mamma every thing, and ask them to forgive you? and shall I tell them that you do not wish to lead the life of the swine and the eel any more, but the life of the lark and the nightingale? shall I, Georgy?"

"Yes, do, sister," answered Georgy.

"And do you wait for me here," said Jane. So saying, she rose up, and returned into the garden: and George watched her till she was hid by the trees, and he saw his papa at the door of the arbour, coming out, as he supposed, to meet her; for Georgy could see the upper part of the arbour from

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the place where he was, but Jane was not tall enough for him to see her.

When Jane had told every thing to her papa and mamma, they would willingly have sent for him into the arbour, for they were very sorry for their little boy. But it was not thought right that he should spend that pleasant afternoon with his sisters: so he was left alone among the alder trees, and his mamma tried to be as cheerful with the rest of the children as if little Georgy had been there, though she was thinking about his disgrace all the time.

So now she took her seat at the upper end of the arbour, and the arbour was exceedingly pleasant: for, besides the flowers that hung over it, and the mignonette that grew round it, it was hung with garlands and festoons of flowers. There were cherries, and other ripe fruit, in baskets, intermixed with flowers, and a plum cake set out upon the little table. Every body was in good humour. The little girls were neat,

civil, and merry too, except when one sad thought came into their minds.

After tea, the little girls danced on the green, and their mamma played to them on her lute; and when they were tired, they sat round her, while she sang to them several sweet airs which she had learned in her early days, when she had lived with her father and mother.

While these airs were being played, and the little girls were sitting round their mother, their papa got up silently, and left the arbour, and walked down the filbert walk till he reached the little gate and the thicket of alders. Here the music might be faintly heard from the arbour, and the sound of it was exceedingly beautiful.

Little George was sitting under an alder tree: he was listening to the soft music; his eyes were raised to the arbour, and the tears were running down his cheeks. He did not at first see his papa; and when he did see him, he

was very much frightened, till he perceived that his hand was stretched out to him. So he got up, and went trembling towards him. "I am sorry, very sorry, that my little boy should be banished from us all," said papa: "see what a dreadful thing is sin."

"Oh, papa! papa!" said the little boy.

Part of the trunk of a tree was lying down upon the grass, among the alders; and here papa sat down, and taking George close to him, he said to him, "George, I will tell you a story.—There was once a little boy, like you, who had a very kind papa and mamma, who used to take great delight in teaching him to be good. But this little boy would not listen to what his papa and mamma said to him: he disobeyed them, and he deceived them; he looked for all his pleasures in this world. Sometimes his sisters tried to shew him his sins; they would take him into the wild woods, and talk to

him about God, when all was still and quiet. But this little boy would not listen to them: the blackbirds and the bees and the flowers had no pleasures for him; he had no delight in praising God for his works, or in thinking of the great things he has done for the children of men; all his delight was in feasting his body; and when he was walking in the garden, he could see nothing but the gooseberries, or apples, or cherries upon the trees; when he was at dinner, he thought of nothing but the nice pudding, and could not hear what was being talked of, or improve himself by it; when he had any money given him, he only thought of laying it out on something to eat; he never gave any of it away to a poor person, nor did he ever buy with it any thing useful for himself or his sisters; and this little boy would often deceive and lie to get something nice to eat.

“ At last, after he had eaten a great

deal of fruit, and cake, and sweetmeat, and sugar, and other nice things, and had enjoyed a great deal of such poor pleasure as eating and drinking can give; after having spent nine or ten years of his life in much the same way that a pig would have done, he was seized with a very dreadful illness, and he died."——

Here papa stopped speaking for some time, and George did not answer him, and there was nothing to be heard but the whispering of the breeze among the leaves, and the sound of the music which was now rather more distinct; for the lute was playing a beautiful and well-known psalm, and the soft voices of the little girls were singing with their mamma; but sometimes the wind quite carried away the sound of the music.

At last George's papa went on—"At the day of the resurrection—that last great day—this little boy shall rise again; but the days of his pleasure

shall have ended. In his life time, he had his good things; and thenceforward he will have only evil things to expect. The body which he once delighted to pamper, shall rise, dishonoured and disgraced, and bear upon it the marks of its Creator's wrath, like a tree blasted by the lightning: and when he shall see the everlasting gates of glory opened to receive holy and faithful children, when songs of triumph shall be heard from the redeemed, before they are for ever hid from the sight of those who are lost, then shall this little boy remember, that heaven was once offered to him, and he despised it; that salvation had once been set before him, but he turned his face from it; for he was one of those who sowed to the flesh, and he shall of the flesh reap corruption. O! how will he then desire that he had sown to the Spirit! for then would he have reaped that everlasting life, the hope of which shall

be exchanged for bitter and endless despair."

"Oh, papa! and am I like this little boy?" said George.

"I hope you *will* not be," replied papa, "I hope you will not be: but you have to-night seen a little picture of his misery; and if you do not repent of your wickedness, you will see a still worse, even the very thing itself. You have been some time indulging in sin; and have not these sins already banished you from the company of your parents and your sisters, so that you could only at a distance see the place where they were, and hear the faint report of their happiness? O my child! I hope you will take warning from this, and repent, and seek to have your sins washed away in the blood of Jesus Christ, and pray for grace to change your heart and life, before you are called away from this world, and enter upon an unchanging state.

“ ‘There’s no repentance in the grave,  
Nor pardon offer’d to the dead.

“ ‘Just as the tree cut down, that fell  
To north or southward, there it lies :  
So man departs to heaven or hell,  
Fix’d in the state wherein he dies.’ ”

I shall not repeat what further passed between papa and George. The music had ceased, the voices of his mamma and sisters were no longer heard, and the sun was set when papa led Georgy by the hand into the house. As they passed by the arbour, Georgy looked in, but no one was there: though the garlands of flowers were still hanging unwithered. Georgy was taken to his mamma, and the tears ran afresh down his cheeks when he asked his mamma to forgive him, and love him again: and when once again he was taken upon her lap, he enquired which was the finger that the thorn had pricked, and kissed it.

Jane was very glad, and so were her sisters too, when George was received into favour, and they went to bed very light of heart.

Soon after this time, another trial was made of George, and the garden which had been taken from him was promised to be given him on the third of November, his youngest sister's birth-day, if he kept himself from indulging his besetting sin of greediness till that time.

It is true, that strawberries and currants and gooseberries soon ceased to be any temptations to George; but then there followed plums of all kinds, filberts, damsons, pears, and apples; and there were many orchards behind his papa's garden: and nobody will say that plums and apples are not generally liked by little boys.

George was supplied with all that was proper of these things at his father's table, and it was not expected or supposed that he should not be pleased when they were given him: but I believe I may say, with truth, that he tried not to think too much about them before they came on table, and that he

kept his eyes and hands from them, in every place, and at every time, when they were forbidden ; so that he did not above twice pick up a plum when he was not allowed, and then he ran immediately to tell his mamma what he had done.

All this was not done without great difficulty and self-denial, and he received great assistance from Jane, who frequently reminded him of the necessity of constantly seeking divine help to get the better of any besetting sin, and this kind sister led him also to seek for higher pleasures than those of eating : so that, by degrees, he formed a habit, as opportunities seemed most favourable, of employing himself, when alone, in holy and heavenly thoughts, or in innocent amusements and employment. And he found that digging, and weeding, and riding on a stick, or drawing his waggon, or trundling his hoop, or looking for flowers or snail-shells, besides playing with his sisters when he

did not want to be quiet, (for in general he was fond of getting by himself,) were quite as good amusements as hunting for fruit under the trees. And, to shorten my story as much as possible, I must say, that George's behaviour was such, that his papa saw fit to give him his garden when his sister's birth-day arrived; and his mamma promised that there should be a plum cake in the evening, and that she would play to him on her lute; and papa promised that he would read a new book to the little party.

Flowers were now almost gone, but the frost had not yet set in; and Georgy found a sweet pea, rose-coloured and white, still blooming in his garden, and Jane tied it up for him, with a sprig of mignonette not yet faded away. And Georgy ran into the breakfast-room, as soon as his mamma was come down, and, as he stuck the nosegay in her girdle, he said, "There are no thorns here, mamma; Georgy



will put no more thorns in mamma's hand."

. And may all my little readers say this too: let them all resolve that they will plant no more thorns in their parents' hands, for there are no thorns to parents so sharp as their children's sins. Fear God, my children, seek his favour, and fear to offend him; and you will place in the bosom of your parents a sweet nosegay, whose roses are without thorns.

L.

FINIS.

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